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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1907.

Bourbonism and Opportunism.

And now comes John Dalzell and deposes as follows: "Personally, I do not see any reason for revising the tariff. It seems to me that a law which has resulted in such prosperity should be left alone. But I realize that there is a sentiment in some parts of the country favoring a revision of the schedules, and I admit that the sentiment is entitled to some recognition. Consequently, I believe that we should take up the subject immediately after the next President has taken his seat."

Here we have a mixture of bourbonism and opportunism that quite betrays the illogical attitude of the standpatners, and, for the matter of that, is in entire accord with the irrational basis upon which the present tariff structure is founded. We may observe in passing that Mr. Dalzell probably has spoken wiser than he knew in the declaration that the subject may be taken up immediately after the next President has taken his seat.

If the standpatners are to control the next Republican convention we shall look for a closer campaign in 1908 than might otherwise be expected—provided, of course, that the Democrats are guided by sanity and broad statesmanship in their platform pronouncements and their ticket. The time was never more auspicious for tariff reform. The popular mind is in a ferment. Instinctively it knows that industrial and economic conditions are out of joint. It has been told by the leaders of public thought that the trust is mainly responsible for the inequalities of opportunity that exist, and that transportation abuses have added to them. While this is true, it is only a part of the truth, and the smallest part.

Overprotection is the mother of all the grosser evils of the body politic. It has been only a few years since one of the chief beneficiaries of this overprotection—Havemeyer, of the sugar trust—testified with oath to the conviction that the tariff is the mother of the trusts. With fatuous folly we are attacking the sparrow and shrink from the duty of resolutely attacking the source of the evil. Until this is done it will be foolish to expect to accomplish substantial results. The people are not fools. The main trouble is their inertia. Yielding to a fundamental impulse of human nature, they become enmeshed in leadership and are too prone to surrender belief in that leadership's courage and wisdom. But party lines now lie too lightly to encourage the theory of the standpatners that their world will be accepted as gospel by the followers of their party. "Deeds and not words" are what the people are at present demanding. Performance and not promise is what they expect. If the subject of tariff revision is to be taken up after the next President has taken his seat, why should it not be taken up now? The Sixtieth Congress is overwhelmingly Republican. If it is essential that the tariff be revised by its "friends," why should its "friends" risk the hazard of its being done by the opposition?

The way to revise is to revise. The time to revise is now!

Since Mr. Cortelyou took charge, the Treasury Department of the United States has had every appearance of a phonograph run down.

Strawberries and Potomac Shad.

We have been bulldozed, browbeaten, bullied, and otherwise bluffed and maltreated by the Houston Post upon the subject of its measly little old strawberries until we are tired of it. We also feel to have been impressed with the Post's imaginary humor about the subject of the Washington baseball team. Its attitude toward our latest line-up is, indeed, little short of insulting.

We leave the baseball team to take care of itself, however. It is lusty lunged and possessed of great courage, no matter what anybody may say of its prowess. But this continual harping on strawberries, coupled, as it invariably is, with rude remarks about Washington board-of-house prunes and things, begins to pall. Indeed, it fatigues indignation.

Fifty the people of Texas who live upon strawberries and not Potomac shad! Yes, shad! That's what we said—shad! And shad, too! Texas strawberries are neither "fresh nor fish nor good red herring," but a Potomac shad is a thing of beauty and a joy forever! What beans are to Boston, strawberries are to Houston; but no city in the world save Washington knows the genuine delights of a real gas-tronomic paradise. True, other cities enjoy Potomac shad, but they are not fixed up as Washington. One order of shad is worth 10,000 strawberries. When served in the immediate vicinity of its native haath, the Potomac shad makes the Texas strawberry look like something less than 20 cents.

People who have once become accustomed to shad diet are never entirely happy anywhere in the world save in Washington. Many of them, often with a courage admirable if ineffective, try to make themselves content in other lands. It is possible to believe that an erstwhile Washingtonian now exiled in Texas might, under certain circumstances, seek to keep a stiff upper lip and bolster up a good bluff about the wonderful Texas strawberries—these luscious things of which we read so much and see so little; but the real pathetic longing for the ter-

ful of a day that is gone is ever in full glare beneath the all too transparent veneering of the make-believe! Poor Houston Post! To be forced to abide in Texas and live upon strawberries, when it might live in Washington and wax fat upon shad!

Mayor Dunne is to go on the lecture platform. Think what Chicago has succeeded in doing to the balance of the country!

Out of Evil, Good.

A true picture of the good and evil in human nature appears in Ray Stannard Baker's description of the Atlanta race riots in the April American. The causes of those riots and their accompanying incidents are sufficiently familiar, but the consequences, though more important, are not so widely known as they should be. Nowhere have the finer impulses of humanity been to better advantage than in the behavior of the higher social elements of Atlanta's population following the tragic events of last September. A single expression from one of the leading members of the city's bar, quoted by Mr. Baker, will illustrate the temper of the public feeling aroused by the work of the mob:

"Immense negro men have been struck down for no crime whatever, while peacefully enjoying the rights guaranteed to every American citizen. The negro race is a child race. We are a strong race, their guardians. We have boasted of our superiority and we have now sunk to this level—we have shed the blood of our helpless wards. Christianity and humanity demand that we treat the negro fairly. He is here and here to stay. He only knows how to do those things we teach him to do; it is our Christian duty to protect him."

Charles T. Hopkins, who uttered these noble words, at once organized a civic league, with an auxiliary composed of negroes, to promote public order and prevent the recurrence of race conflicts. He took part in the defense of an innocent negro accused of assault upon a woman, and secured his acquittal, thus demonstrating in a practical way the purpose of the dominant race to see justice done to the humblest citizen; and he was chairman of a committee which met a similar committee of negroes to consider means of relieving the race feeling which had engendered the riots. "This was the first important occasion," says Mr. Baker, "in the South upon which an attempt was made to get the two races together for any serious consideration of their differences. The clergy of the city appealed to their congregations to deal justly with the colored race, and the venerable ex-Gov. Northern, with the zeal of a missionary, has been going about the State urging the co-operation of whites and blacks in encouraging the good and suppressing the bad in both races."

In such manner do the Southern people take up the white man's burden. It is one which must be borne with patience and long suffering, but the bearing of it awakes the finer motives of the human soul, and brings out the best that is in our common humanity.

"I have had a rip-roaring time," says "Uncle Joe." We have not been having exactly a Rip Van Winkle time here at home, Mr. Speaker!

Chicago and Her Mayors.

Chicago awakes in the cold gray dawn of the morning after to find that last week's election marked the beginning of her troubles, rather than the end. Before that time she had one mayor, who was a sincere and honest man, albeit a dreamer of dreams and not well informed concerning the meaning of such words as "immediate"; now, according to the always veracious Chicago papers, she has four mayors.

Mayor de Jure Busse took the oath of office some days ago, notwithstanding that it is his intention to delay his actual assumption of the duties of the mayoralty until Monday next. Mayor de facto Dunne considered this a discourtesy, said so, and declined to relinquish the reins of authority until Mayor de jure Busse conformed to certain further requirements. Mayor de jure Busse wasn't worrying much about the matter, anyhow, and to prove that that was the case announced that he was off to Fox Lake for a rest, while Mayor de facto Dunne went to Pittsburg to attend a funeral. Thereupon Controller of Public Works McGinn, being the senior department head, became mayor ex officio.

Most any city would be satisfied with three mayors. But Chicago, determined always to be in the lead, went even further. The Alderman Bennett, chairman of the council finance committee, was notified that Mayor de facto Dunne would not preside at the meeting of the legislative body this week, rose immediately to the occasion, and thus became mayor pro tem.

Of course the snarl will be untangled ultimately, but we think the people of the Western metropolis are deserving of sympathy, nevertheless. Even an imagination which is somewhat vivid at times helps us but little in our endeavors to decide what would happen in the event of a conflict between the four. With Corporation Counsel Jim Ham Lewis here in Washington, whose hand would steady the wabbling tiller of the municipal ship? We shudder at the prospect.

As to the reason for the curious state of affairs we have described, two theories are at least worthy of consideration. One is that Chicago, with her usual enterprise, is determined to triumph over New York, which has two mayors, if the contentions of those who advocate a recount of the ballots cast in the last municipal election there are to be accepted. Another is that the effects of the recent jamming of winter and spring in the Middle West, as explained by Prof. Cox and Dr. Moyer, we already have given some attention—are not confined to criminals or to the impetuous ones of the great city, but extend to persons in high places as well.

An opinion from an acknowledged expert would be appreciated.

Every time we extend the glad hand to spring we get the frozen mitt in return.

Love-making by Phone.

We have some sympathy with that Iowa druggist who placed a sign beside his business telephone reading: "This is a business telephone, and is not to be used for love-making." Long and loving conversations between sweethearts—conversations between sweethearts being invariably long and necessarily loving—interfered with his business, and, no doubt, brought him great financial losses.

It is not probable that Cupid approves of lovers who swap sweet nothings over the telephone. Love-making is regarded as silly by some people. In reality, it is a very important matter, and upon it hangs the very fate of nations. But it is to be properly conducted—with decorum and dignity, so far as the surrounding multitudes are concerned.

ful of their own youthful days. No one will suffer any hardship by reason of these stern regulations except the girl at the telephone exchange. She will be cut out of the fun of listening to both ends of the conversations; but it is none of her business, anyhow.

It seems that there is a certain "Mr. Sullivan" who predicted that Mr. Bryan will carry every State in the Union in 1908. It must have been John L. for it certainly could not have been Roger A.

The idea of taxing whiskers originated in Kansas. It is rather curious that it did not originate with the Czar and the grand dukes of Russia.

The Rochester Herald says it would like to see a picture of a man Mr. Roosevelt considers perfectly truthful. Some one ought to send on a picture of Mr. Jacob Rils.

Because Mrs. Howard Gould used the word "damn" in addressing an architect, she will have to pay some twenty thousand dollars damages. No one this side a combination of Rockefeller and Rothschilds could pay the damages incident to a duel between "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Admiral Evans.

A Connecticut woman is threatened with lockjaw as the result of stepping on a tack while searching her husband's pockets. Be sure to read this paragraph to your wife.

If the Baltimore American be right in its statement, "everybody is a poet," it must be acknowledged that a great many people deserve a large amount of credit for keeping it to themselves.

"A Philadelphia man is under arrest charged with marrying 150 women," says the Detroit Free Press. No doubt he needed a rest.

"The first pair of spectacles appeared in 1290. Six or seven hundred years later appeared Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman," notes the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Naturally, a spectacular meeting!

According to the Indianapolis News, Secretary Taft is known among the Cubans as "the jolly man." There is considerable doubt whether this is a boost or a knock!

A New Jersey man thinks he has solved the servant problem. That is, he thought so yesterday; he has probably changed his mind by this time.

"The plous monks of St. Bernard" are to be furnished with automobiles. And now, instead of "loud that clarion voice" saying "Excelsior," the atmosphere will be filled with the smell of gasoline and reverberate with the "honk-honk" of the chauffeur's horn.

"A healthy check is what most of us would like to see," remarks the New York Mail. Certainly a healthy check would not call for tainted money.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks a "conspiracy" was formed to defeat him in 1906, whereas Mr. Harriman asserts a "conspiracy" was formed to elect him in 1904.

Chicago is now able to crow even louder than ever over St. Louis. The Windy City has three mayors, while Missouri's pride has only one.

The one lone member of the Sapphire Club has enjoyed a sort of splendid isolation for a long time, but there is a lady hovering about the White House with a grievance against our Swedish Minister.

The only man living in England who ever saw Lord Nelson at the point of death in a London hospital. This is conclusive proof that the great admiral never had any body servants around the house.

According to the Atlanta Constitution, shoes sell in Central America for \$3 a pair. This is discouraging news for Napoleon Irving Mansfield Booth and his aggregation of eminent Shakespearean artists, now that we are informed that "show troops" are sure of fine business down there.

If Congressman Rainey persists in saying that a 20-cent Panama lunch really costs \$1.50, he need not be surprised to wake up some morning and find himself a member of the Junior Order of Ananias.

"News is scarce in this town. The only thing we can do is to die occasionally," says a country correspondent in a contemporary. Which, it must be admitted, is more exciting than dying permanently, as they do in this big city.

Santos Dumont flew right up, flew right around, and fell right down again!

To the everlasting credit of the stenographers as a class, the samples like Harriman's are few and far between.

American Snobbishness.

There is a certain kind of expatriate American snobbishness that goes a long way toward justifying the contempt which foreigners entertain for our fellow-citizens abroad. In Paris, for instance, there is an American woman who maintains a "salon" and whose boast it is that English is never spoken in her house. It is difficult to comprehend the mental status of such a person, but we are forced to confess that it is exclusively American. Nobody ever heard of a Frenchman pluming himself on the fact that he never spoke French, or of a German repudiating his own language. It is precisely because a certain class of Americans seem to be ashamed of their country that Europeans have a good deal of contempt for us.

Municipal Playgrounds.

The announced programme of the Jamestown Exposition includes a series of demonstrations intended to show the value of play and playgrounds to municipalities. The Playground Association of America, with President Roosevelt at its head, has charge of the arrangements. St. Louis has found that the great benefits accrue to the city from the playgrounds municipally maintained, and also from those of a semi-public nature. The Jamestown demonstrations ought to do good missionary work.

How Three Cities Voted.

Since last fall three great cities have voted upon municipal ownership. "The vote was adverse to it in New York, London, and Chicago. Each of these had had opportunities of seeing corporation control at its worst, but all condemned municipal ownership, although London had given it a trial. But the cities did not vote for corporation control of cities as a substitute. The Chicago traction ordinances show the middle ground."

Senator Bourne.

For a new Senator, Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, the host at the now famous anti-Roosevelt dinner, is creating as much excitement among the politicians as he used to among the members of the Harvard faculty.

Where the Flies Go.

The Kansas City Times asks, "Where do the flies go?" Some of them are dropping in the outer garden, beyond the reach of the home fliers.

Pleasant.

It is pleasant to observe that the President has never found it necessary to reflect upon the veracity of the Hon. Bat Masterson or any of that crowd.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

INNOCENT SUBSTITUTES.

To London I have never been; I lack, alas, the fare. I haven't got sufficient tin. To take me over there. But I prefer the English style. And find a little tin. Oftentimes in happy moments while I'm riding on a lift.

I wear my clothing in the way The real Boston dress. I'm careful quite to "fancy" say Instead of Yankee "guess." I sport a lovely English tie. And tho' I have the jam, I'm always very happy while I'm riding on the tram.

Not Natural.

"Some people seem to like work." "Yes; but it's an acquired taste."

Quite So.

April showers bring May flowers From the bud. And, by jing, also bring Lots of mud!

Excelsior.

"And you descend to writing street car verses." "Longfellow did it." "He did not!" "He did so. Wrote a poem about breakfast food."

A Song Spook.

"This music is reminiscent. 'Tis the ghost of a song I have heard before." "Not the shade of the old apple tree?"

Apparently Not.

"Roosevelt is a many-sided man." "Um." "Do you deny it?" "Well, he doesn't seem to have any blind side."

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

From the Baltimore American.

Let summer in her tropic state And color luxury, Boast of her rich magnificence, All gorgeous as it be, Her roses, heavy with perfume, And bloom her hot suns bring; Far dearer are the fresh young things, The modest flowers of spring.

The sweet attributes of the woods, With its own fragrant scent And whispers of the free, cool air—Not in rooms costly spent—The dogwood, white with snowy grace, And her some ready just like there. The daisies and the daffodils That riot everywhere!

The stately blossoms of red, June's roses, and July, Chrysanthemums in hearty rare, That deck each queenly head—These may with beauty thrill the world, Yet miss that clear, glad ring Which comes to hearts when eyes first see The modest flowers of spring.

Too Much Professionalism.

"Why did that photographer fail to secure the place in the police identification bureau?" "He was too professional."

"What do you mean?" "He was always telling his subjects to look pleasant."

The Point of Harmony.

"Do the experts in trials ever agree on anything?" "Certainly, on the size of their bills."

Reached the Limit.

"My mother says, Mrs. Esay, she's sorry to ask the trouble—"

"Oh, she needn't be. She's borrowed about everything else I've got and she's welcome to that."

The Viewpoint.

"What do you think of Secretary Taft's decision that a mother-in-law is not part of a man's family?" "He's right. If the majority of them are like mine, she's the whole show."

Members Mixed.

"Remarkable bit of handiwork, isn't it?" "Yes; quite a feat."

Quite Different.

"That girl is a model." "Of all the virtues?" "Oh, no; of a cloak manufacturer."

ROOSEVELT AND TAFT.

Former's "Crawl to the Capital" Speech is Declared Unworthy.

From the Kansas (Pa.) World.
The Outlook, a New York paper, gives currency to a rumor that President Roosevelt has said he "would be willing to crawl on his hands and knees down Pennsylvania avenue from the White House to the Capitol, if thereby he might assure the election of Secretary Taft as his successor in the Presidency." Possibly such a remark may be characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt, who has acquired a reputation for doing startling things, but it is unworthy of any man occupying his high station.

No doubt the President desires to see Secretary Taft fill the Presidential office, as he cannot now get him on the Supreme Court bench, but no former President has ever taken an active part in urging upon the country a man to succeed himself. It does not comport with the dignity of that high station. It may be doubted whether the active participation of a President in a matter of this kind would really be helpful to the man in whose behalf such action is taken. There are many people in this great country, even in the President's own party, who are growing weary of his evident purpose to control matters according to his own will. If Secretary Taft really aspires to the Presidency, the time may come when he would pray, "Heaven save me from my friend."

Boston's Liquor Laws.

From the Boston Transcript.
The Portland clergyman who displayed Sunday two half-pints of whisky, purchased the night before in one of the city saloons, seemed to think he had brought to light something novel and startling, but the experience could be repeated almost any night in the year by one who knew the ropes.

Afraid of the Porter.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
The most spineless legislator will vote for a two-cent rate, but breathes there a lawmaker sufficiently lion-hearted to draft a bill reducing the Pullman porter tip from twenty-five cents to a flat rate of twenty-three?

THE ASH BUCKER.

Some lucky man a way has found To burn the ashes thrown around. These ashes give a wealth of heat That no amount of coal can beat.

The fuel he can enkindle Includes the ashes of the great.

And Caesar dead and turned to clay, May serve to keep the cold away.

Millennium will sure begin When ashes fall each yawning bin.

But let us put our joy aside— Too many schemes go up in smoke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MEN AND THINGS.

Knox, Too?

When it is remembered how close, cordial, and confidential the relations used to be between President Roosevelt and Senator Knox, doubt is thrown upon the widespread rumor that the President had the eminent Pennsylvanian in mind when he declared recently that favorite-sports movements in various States were being organized for the purpose of turning the control of his party back to the "reactionaries." It was Mr. Knox who, while Attorney General formulated the Roosevelt anti-trust policy and imparted vigor to it by instituting and successfully prosecuting the suit against the Northern Securities Company. After the Pennsylvanian's transfer from the Cabinet to the Senate the President still relied upon Mr. Knox's judgment and fidelity in all important matters of legislation in which important administration policies were involved. Particularly was this true as to the Roosevelt railroad programme. So highly did the President esteem Senator Knox a year ago that he proffered to him the vacancy in the Supreme Court caused by the retirement of Associate Justice Brown. Not until after the Senator had declined the place did the President tender it to Secretary Taft.

While as yet Senator Knox is known not to take seriously his Presidential boomlet, at the same time it seems quite probable that the Pennsylvania delegation to the national convention next year will be instructed for him—unless, of course, the President should in the meantime take part in the contest in that State as he is doing in Ohio against Senator Foraker. It is presumed that it is for the purpose of discussing Senator Knox's relation to the race for the nomination that Senator Penrose has announced his intention of coming to Washington to see the President.

Morgan and the Seeds.

"After a continuous service of thirty years in the Senate I have at last found out what I am there for," said the veteran John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, yesterday, as he exhibited a letter received from a lady at Mobile and addressed: "General J. T. Morgan, United States Seeds, Washington, D. C."

The writer thanked the Senator profusely for a batch of seeds which he had sent her last year under his frank, declaring that they had produced "the most beautiful roses in all Alabama," and requesting that General Morgan send her some more, just like these.

"I feel that I have not served my country in vain, nor that I shall be wholly unknown to posterity, now that I have been addressed as 'United States Seeds,' added the Senator, as he carefully stored the letter away in his keeping.

Hoke and the Reporter.

While the Hon. Hoke Smith was in Washington on his way to Europe he became the center of a group of newspaper men in the lobby of a hotel after he had paid his respects to the President and had obtained from the Chief Magistrate an autograph letter to American representatives abroad, instructing them to show distinguished courtesy to Georgia's governor-elect. In the group were the representatives of several Georgia newspapers, to whom Mr. Smith was talking freely until the arrival of the correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, Mr. John Corrigan. Now, Clark Howell, the Constitution's editor, assumed the privilege of running against Mr. Smith for the nomination. Naturally Mr. Howell's paper didn't blaze forth every morning during the canvass with panegyrics of the Hon. Hoke. Wherefore, when Mr. John Corrigan joined the group of his fellow-correspondents, the governor-elect was pleased to turn his back upon him. As Mr. Corrigan proceeded to place himself in better position to catch the gubernatorial vote, Mr. Smith proceeded to turn and turn, and, until finally he was spinning around like a top, when Mr. Howell's enterprising reporter abandoned the task, returning to his office only empty handed as to news, but also without his face shining with the reflected glory of a single glance from Georgia's governor-elect.

Out of the Harness.

Mr. Robert W. Patterson, who for so many years has been the responsible editor of the Chicago Tribune, succeeding in that position his famous father-in-law, the late Joseph M. Medill, has divided his duties among two or three of his staff and has practically withdrawn from the post. A few years ago Mr. Patterson built a magnificent residence in this city, and it is expected that he will, from now on, occupy his marble palace on Dupont circle more than in the past. He and Mrs. Patterson are now in Europe, and will not return to Washington until next fall. Since building the Dupont circle residence they have occupied it only a few months each year, and while it is said not to be their intention to make a permanent home here, they will probably be numbered among the regular winter colony and do a great deal of entertaining. Mr. Patterson is only fifty-six years old, and is enjoying robust health. Unlike most Americans of large affairs and great activity, he believes in retiring from grinding responsibilities while he is still young enough to enjoy the rewards of hard work.

Ade and McCutcheon.

George Ade, the humorist and playwright, and John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, who also has written several books, were classmates at Purdue University, at Lafayette, Ind., and have been closely associated all their lives. McCutcheon used to illustrate Ade's syndicate stories, but under the terms of the cartoonist's present contract is not allowed to do that now. Each devoted a whole year to the other while at college, and they then agreed that they would stick together after beginning the "stern battle of life." They went to Chicago at the same time, and though for quite a while working on different newspapers they never forgot their college compact. Finally, when they were employed on the staff of the same paper they were enabled to realize their boyish ambition. Although now numbers among the country's busiest men, they find time to visit each other, and their mutual affection and interest are as strongly marked as ever. Each is intensely proud of the other, though each is a severe critic of the other's work.

Annapolis in the Regatta.

Secretary Metcalf has personally authorized the boat crew of the Naval Academy at Annapolis to enter the Poughkeepsie regatta this year. For years the young Farraguts and Deweyes have been anxious to participate in this great event, but their requests to do so have heretofore been discontinued by the navy authorities. Mr. Metcalf was himself a noted oarsman at Yale, and was a member of the crew which defeated Harvard in 1876. The crews with whom the cadets will compete are those of Columbia, Cornell, Georgetown, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and Wisconsin. This summer's regatta is expected to be the greatest event in the history of the organization. The course is on the Hudson River, with Poughkeepsie as the base.

Who Will Vouch for Andrews?

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
So W. H. Andrews is to vouch for Penrose at the White House. But who is to vouch for Andrews?

WHY WAS HE SURPRISED?

Mr. Cannon Should Have Been Prepared for What He Saw.

From the Baltimore Sun.
The cheerful hopefulness of the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon is most reassuring. He returned to the United States the other day from a cruise on the Caribbean Sea full of enthusiasm for the Panama Canal. The general conditions, he declared to the newspaper reporters who welcomed him home, the work, the organization, were all so excellent that he was surprised. Why should he have been surprised? Was he asleep in the chair of the House of Representatives when the President's Panama message was read? Was he blind, that he could not see the pictures the President brought back? Was he deaf, that he could not hear? Then, why should the excellence of conditions surprise him?

Not only the canal pleased Mr. Cannon, and the work is so well advanced that he could see its finish, but the isthmus itself was pleasing. A man can live there just as comfortably as in Illinois, he declared. Perhaps when the Presidential campaign thickens, Mr. Cannon might find the isthmus a far more quiet and agreeable place than his own State. Mr. Roosevelt admitted that he found two mosquitoes of a harmless variety in Panama. Mr. Cannon does not seem to have encountered even two.

The eminent Congressman sounded a single note which seems discordant. He said if he were chief engineer of the canal he would follow the example of Dewey and cut the cable. Another eminent seaman did something of the same kind upon a notable occasion. He put the glass to his blind eye and then said he could not see the signal to which his attention had been directed.

WOMEN LEGISLATORS ELECTED.

Nineteen Are Now Members of the Finnish Diet.

From the New York Globe.
A dispatch from Helsingfors, Finland, brings the information that nineteen women—of whom nine, be it noted, are Socialists—have been elected members of the Finnish Diet. And it is said "this is the first occasion that women have been elected to any national legislature." Almost true. The Finnish Diet is almost but not quite a national legislature. The grand duchy is still a dependency of Russia. For one thing its foreign affairs are under control of the Russian chancery, though it has its own coinage, system of customs, and so forth.

However, the election of the women legislators is significant. Who shall say that it does not stand in the forefront of a new epoch—though very much in the forefront? The recent activities in Holland with respect to woman's political rights, and the guerrilla warfare that is being carried on in England in behalf of them give body to the suggestion. Still, voices are heard from all quarters of many women protesting against "enfranchisement"—tend to throw a damper on the prospect and make us cleave to the old yet a while.

NOVEL SUPERVISION.

Louisville Board of Trade to Fix Telephone Rates.

From the Buffalo Express.
Following an inquiry which was made by the Louisville Board of Trade, the president of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company has made an agreement with the board to permit a